THE

CHILD'S FIRST BOOK.

BY

CAMPBELL AND DUNN.

APPROVED BY THE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VIRGINIA THROUGH THEIR COMMITTEE.

RICHMOND:
AYRES & WADE.
1864.

DUKE
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Treasure Room

GIFT OF
D. H. Newball

THE

CHILD'S FIRST BOOK.

BY

CAMPBELL AND DUNN.

William A. Campbell
&
William R. J. Dunn

APPROVED BY THE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF VIRGINIA THROUGH THEIR COMMITTEE.

P14203

RICHMOND:
AYRES & WADE.
1864.

Entered according to the Act of Congress of the Confederate States in the year 1864, by CAMPBELL & DUNN.

W.S. List
Bv
W.N. Nuttall
$2.00
T2-R.
4-3-8-2.
C187
Cof-1
Conf
Pam
12mo
#539

PREFACE.

In preparing this little work for children, the writers have aimed to give it four characteristic features:

First. To have a proper combination of spelling and reading lessons, the former being auxiliary to the latter. The lessons are so arranged, that no word is used in reading until it has occurred in the previous spelling lessons. This rule, however, is not strictly observed in the latter part of the book.

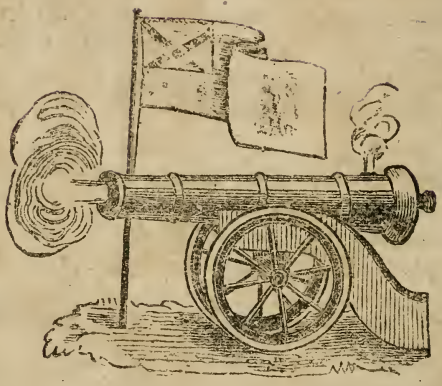
Secondly. To make the beginner familiar with one step before taking another; so that, in the child's own language, the book may not "become hard too fast."

Thirdly. To contain connected narratives that will interest the young reader, instead of disconnected sentences.

Fourthly. To present to the impressible mind of the child sound instruction in morality and true religion.

Whether these aims have been attained is submitted to the judgment of the teachers and parents who may use our little volume.

We have, in some instances, availed ourselves of the labors of others who have published books for children.



THE

CHILD'S FIRST BOOK.

A B C D

E F G H

I J K L

M N O P

Q R S T

U V W X

Y Z &

ROMAN CAPITAL LETTERS.

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O
P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z

ROMAN SMALL LETTERS.

a b c d e f g h i j
k l m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z

M I D N Y O U R
B A K P F L Q
T J V H W G
S E C X Z

---

m i d n y o u r b a
k p f l q t j v h
w g s e c x z

CONSONANTS.

B C D F G H J K L M N P
Q R S T V W X Z

b c d f g h j k l m n p q r s t v w x z

ITALIC CAPITAL LETTERS.

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O
P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z

ITALIC SMALL LETTERS.

a b c d e f g h i j
k l m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z

M I D N Y O U R
B A K P F L Q
T J V H W G
S E C X Z

---

m i d n y o u r b a
k p f l q t j v h
w g s e c x z

VOWELS.

A E I O U Y — a e i o u y

Æ Œ æ œ fi fl ff ffi ffl &
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

A	AXE.	B	BAT.
a	axe.	b	bat.
C	CAT.	D	DOG.
c	cat.	d	dog.
E	EGG.	F	FOX.
e	egg.	f	fox.
G	GUN.	H	HAT.
g	gun.	h	hat.
I	INK.	J	JUG.
i	ink.	j	jug.
K	KITE.	L	LI-ON.
k	kite.	l	li-on.
M	MUG.	N	NAG.
m	mug.	n	nag.

O	OX.	P	PIG.
o	ox.	p	pig.
Q	QUEEN.	R	RAT.
q	queen.	r	rat.
S	SUN.	T	TOP.
s	sun.	t	top.
U	URN.	V	VICE.
u	urn.	v	vice.
W	WING.	X	EX.
w	wing.	x	ex.
Y	YOKE.	Z	ZE-BRA.
y	yoke.	z	ze-bra.

ba	be	bi	bo	bu	by
ca	ce	ci	co	cu	cy
da	de	di	do	du	dy
fa	fe	fi	fo	fu	fy

---

ga	ge	gi	go	gu	gy
ha	he	hi	ho	hu	hy
ja	je	ji	jo	ju	jy
ka	ke	ki	ko	ku	ky

---

la	le	li	lo	lu	ly
ma	me	mi	mo	mu	my
na	ne	ni	no	nu	ny
pa	pe	pi	po	pu	py

---

ra	re	ri	ro	ru	ry
sa	se	si	so	su	sy
ta	te	ti	to	tu	ty
va	ve	vi	vo	vu	vy

---

wa	we	wi	wo	wu	wy
za	ze	zi	zo	zu	zy

---

ab	eb	ib	ob	ub
ac	ec	ic	oc	uc
ad	ed	id	od	ud
af	ef	if	of	uf

ag	eg	ig	og	ug
ak	ek	ik	ok	uk
al	el	il	ol	ul
am	em	im	om	um

---

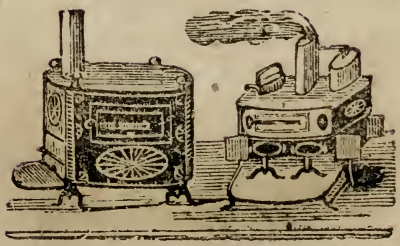
an	en	in	on	un
ap	ep	ip	op	up
ar	er	ir	or	ur
as	es	is	os	us

---

at	et	it	ot	ut
av	ev	iv	ov	uv
ax	ex	ix	ox	ux
az	ez	iz	oz	uz

---

am	ah	go	to	if	be	ye
an	ma	lo	of	in	he	by
at	pa	no	on	it	me	my
as	do	so	ox	is	we	up



READING IN TWO LETTERS.

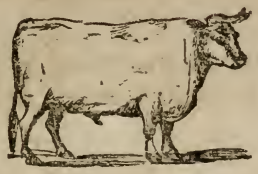
I am in. He is in.
We go in. Do go in.

He is by me. Am I by it?
No, I am on it. He is by it.

Go in if I go. He is in, as I am.
My ma is in. So is my pa.
If he is in, so am I.

Am I up?
No, we go up.
It is on me.
If I go up, go up to me.
I am up: so am I.

Is he up?
Do go up as I do.
No, go on up.
No, go on by me.
It is as if an ox is on it.



It is an ox.
No, it is pa.
If it is pa, he is on an ox.
If he be by an ox, is he on it?
No, he is at it.
No, ma is on it; pa is by it.
He is to go on it, if I do.
I am to go on it.
If I go on it, is it my ox?
It is my ox, or it is to go to me.
If it is to go to me, it is my ox.
Go on, ox.

Is it an ox?
So he is.
Is pa on an ox?
Lo, it is so.

LESSONS IN THREE LETTERS.

had	cut	did	try	log	toe
bad	but	bid	cry	bog	doe
gad	hut	hid	fry	cog	foe
lad	jut	lid	pry	dog	hoe
mad	nut	rid	and	fog	off
sad	rut	Tom	axe	hog	his

Tom had an axe. And as he did try to cut a log, he cut off his toe. He ran off to cry, and let his toe lie on the log.

Fan	box	bat	top	big
ban	fox	fat	fop	dig
man	old	hat	hop	fig
pan	she	mat	lop	jig
ran	the	pat	mop	pig
tan	her	rat	pop	rig
van	lie	sat	sop	wig

---

bed	got	lap	fly	paw
fed	cot	cap	ply	caw
led	dot	gap	sly	jaw
red	hot	hap	eye	law
wed	jot	wap	arm	maw
was	lot	nap	art	raw
out	not	sap	ark	saw

Fan had an old box. It sat on the top of a big bed; and a bat got in-to it. She put it on her lap; and as the lid was up, the bat got out. It did not fly, but ran up her arm as a rat; and its paw put out her eye.

Mol	pen	let	set	jay
Dan	den	pet	wet	may
off	fen	get	way	pay
oft	hen	jet	bay	ray
nor	men	met	day	say
for	ten	net	gay	lay
oak	wen	pet	hay	nay

The old cat, Mol, got a rat in the pig pen. As she had her paw on it by the pen, the big dog, Dan, ran at her. She had to let the rat go, and get up on the top of the pan, out of the reach of the dog. As she did so, off ran the rat, and hid in an old oak log. So old Dan did not get the cat; nor did the cat get the rat.

Ann	lie	yet	leg	kid	kip
all	die	let	beg	cup	dip
cat	pie	met	keg	sup	lip
ear	tie	pet	peg	own	rip
its	vie	set	put	one	sip

---

elk	hit	run	pun	bow
elf	let	bun	sun	low
elm	met	dun	tun	mow
who	pit	fun	eye	row
fit	sit	gun	die	sow
bit	wit	nun	man	tow

An elk is not so big as an ox. It is not fit for a pet. It can run so as to get out of the way of a dog; but it can not get out of the way of a gun or a bow.

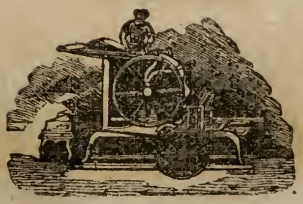
A man who had a gun hit an elk in the eye; and so it did die.

---

see	too	bug	mug
bee	coo	dug	rug
fee	loo	hug	tug
him	woo	jug	sly
dim	air	lug	ply
rim	end	pug	try

A sly fox did try to get a fat old hen to eat. She did not see him as he got in-to the lot; for a fog was in the air; and she had her eye, too, on a bug in the hay. The sly fox got up to her, and had his paw up to put on her; but a dog, who lay in his bed in the end of the lot, saw him, and ran at him. And so the hen got off, and the fox had to run to get out of the way of the dog.

Ned	now	sow	far
fed	bow	vow	bar
can	cow	pop	car
man	how	cop	mar
why	mow	was	par
use	row	war	tar



Ned had a gun. Why he got it, I can not say. But it was not a bad one; and he was fit to use it. One day he saw a mad dog not far off, and put his gun to his eye. Pop, the gun did go, and hit the dog. He bit no one now; for he did die.

Sam	new	Lou	say
cam	dew	you	are
dam	few	use	nut
ham	hew	our	pen
jam	jew	ink	hen
mam	mew	irk	old
ram	pew	all	see

Sam has a new hat and a new box to put it in. He can put it on if he go out in the sun; but he has no use for it in bed. He has an old cap, too; but it is not fit for him in the hot sun; nor to put on to go to see Lou.

My pen and ink are so bad I can not say all I had to say to you. I got the ink out of a red nut; it is now dry. And I got the pen out of our old hen. But tho' my pen and ink are bad, you can see all I do say; and do not let it all be of no use to you.

Bob	rum	boy	sin	God
cob	gum	coy	bin	hod
fob	hum	joy	din	nod
job	mum	own	fin	pod
mob	sum	ear	gin	rod
rob	rye	ill	tin	sod
sob	eye	inn	win	act

Bob got a jug of rum at the inn. The rum was of no use to him. But he got rum, or may be it was "old rye." Day by day, he put the jug to his lips; and did not use cup or mug. You can see by his red eye it is bad for him.

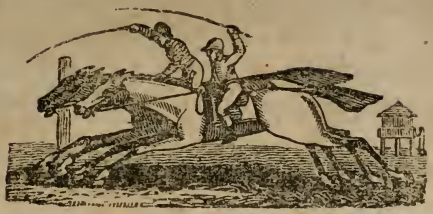
One day, in a mad fit, the rum got in-to him; he hit his own boy, and cut his lip and his ear, but did not put out his eye. Bob was ill, too, and had to lie in bed as if to die. Yet he saw he was not fit to die; and he did cry to God; "Oh! God, I do sin day by day. I am far, far in the way of sin. Woe is me if I die as I am. But, oh! my God, let me not die in sin."

His cry did go up to God, and he did not let him die in sin. Bob got out of bed a new man. He did not use his jug now, nor go to the inn; but he did act as if the eye of God was on him.

Hal	yon	bag	jag
Jim	bon	nag	lag
who	con	cag	mag
tho'	don	fag	rag
yes	dry	gag	tag
yet	sky	hag	wag

---

age	apt	sin	mud
ace	act	mix	bud
ale	aft	fix	cud
ate	ash	pix	won
oat	ask	rix	son
oak	asp	wee	ton



HAL AND JIM.

Hal is on a bay nag. Her dam was red; but she has no red but a wee bit on the tip of the ear. She is fed out of the bin or the oat mow; and has new hay too, and rye, if it can be got. She has a dry bed to lie on. She is gay, but is not apt to run off. Her age is six.

Hal had a bet to run his nag; but his pa had bid him not to run nor to bet. But Hal was a bad boy, and did not try to do as he was bid. So one day he set off on his gay nag. As he was to be off all day, he put a bun or two and a bit of ham in a bag, and got cut hay and rye for his nag. His aim was to get to the boy who was to run for the bet. He met Jim, who had a nag too. He was the boy for Hal.

Hal.—Ho, Jim, can you run for the bet to-day?

Jim.—Yes, Hal, and win too.

Hal.—I bet two to one on my nag.

Jim.—If you bet ten to one, my nag can win.

Hal.—Let us run to yon oak we see far on in the way.

Jim.—No, Hal; it is too far; and the way is not all dry. Let us run to the ash we see mid-way. The way to it has no mud; it is all dry.

Hal.—We can do as you say.

Hal won the bet; for he got to the ash, as Jim was a rod off. And now Hal had joy; but Jim was sad; for he had to pay the bet.

The sun was far up in the sky; and Hal got out the cut hay and rye for his nag; and Jim got of it for his. He got out, too, all he had in his bag to eat; and he and Jim ate it all up.

But tho' Hal had joy as he won the bet of Jim, he was sad in the eve: his fun was now all woe; for he did as his pa had bid him not to do; and now he had to go to him. He was in a sad fix; and art and wit did not get him out. The rod was his lot.

THE DOG AND THE HEN.

A boy had an old hen and a big red dog. He put a box in a pen for his hen; and she sat in it to lay an egg. But the big red dog was bad, and ran in-to the pen and bit the hen and ate up her egg. But the hen got out of the way of the dog, and ran off out of her box and out of the pen in-to the lot. A bag by the pen had ice in it; and she did go on the ice to get far out of the way of the dog. As she did so, the boy saw the dog try to do as she did; and he was sad to see it; for he has bit his hen, and his aim is to do it now too, if he can get to her. But as he did try to go on the ice, he got in-to the mud up to his eye. He put his leg on a log in the bog to get out of the mud; but it was as if it had oil on it. As the boy saw it he had joy; for the old hen was out of the way, and the bad dog was yet in the bog.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Oh! God, who art my God, in all the way I go, be not far off. May I see no ill nor woe to-day. Aid me to do as I am bid; and to act as if the eye of God was on me all the day. And let me do to all as all are bid to do to me. Try me not by thy law; for day by day I go far in the way of sin. But let me do no sin to-day. Do all I ask, not for me, but for thy son. A-men.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Oh! my God, God of the sky, and air, and sea, and of all men, ope thy ear to my cry; and let not my sin be on me; for oft did I sin to-day. May I put off the old man and put on the new man. May I pay my vow to God, and do all his law. Cut me not off in sin; but if I die ere I see the day, may I be fit to die, and go to God in joy. May thy Son ask all for me. A-men.

SAM AND HIS DOG RED LEG.

THE LAP DOG.

Sam was a big boy, and he had a pet lap dog. He let it lie in his bed as he lay, or he let it sit in his lap as he sat. He fed it out of all he had to eat; and it was as fat as a fed pig; yet it was not so big as a kid of a day old! Was it not a pet?

It had a red tip to one ear, and it had one red leg; so now you see why it was dog Red Leg. If Sam bid it put up the red paw on his lap, the dog did as it was

bid, and put up no paw but the red one; or if he did say to it, "Go, Red Leg, and get me my hat off the pin," Red Leg ran for the hat, and got it off the pin for Sam; and got him no hat but his own.

Now, Red Leg was a dog of wit, as you may see; and Sam was a lad of wit, too; and he had got a gun; for he was old and big, and fit to use one; and he let no one get at it, or use it, but men. But Bob (a boy who saw him get it) was sad, for he had no gun. He was not fit to get one, tho' he was as big and as old as Sam.

Bob was son to an old man who lay ill in a cot not far off. The old man had no son but him. He had had a son who was not so old as Bob; and *he* was not bad. He was fit to die; so God had let him go up to Him in joy; and now the old man had no son but Bob; and he was a bad, bad boy.

Bob had no dog, nor no gun; but he had a pet of his own, and it was a bad one. You may say it was fit for a bad boy to get a bad pet. He had set a gin one day, and he got an old mag-pie in it; and tho' the mag-pie had its leg cut in the gin, Bob did not let it go, but put it up in a box, and had it for his pet.

THE DOG AND GUN.

Now Sam and his dog, and Bob and his mag-pie, set off one day, to sit on the dry sod in the sun.

The mag-pie sat by Bob, and Red Leg lay on the sod by Sam. The eye of the dog was on Sam; but his lip and his leg lay on the top of the gun.

Now, Bob was in joy to see the lip of the dog at the top of the gun. "It may go off! it may go off!" said

the bad boy. "The gun may go off, and hit Red Leg, and vex Sam. But my pet mag-pie can not be hit by

the gun; for the top of the gun is to Sam and to his dog, and not to me or to my mag-pie."

But the gun was not in the way to go off as it lay. It was a new gun, and it was an odd one too. If Sam was to let off his gun, he had to fit a tin cap, or cup, on a peg in the gun; and the cap was to be hit on the top, to set the gun off.

Now Sam had put a cap on the peg of his gun; and Bob saw how he did it: for he had his eye on the gun, and he said, "Oh! if it may but go off, and hit the dog! He is a bad old cur, tho' he has a red leg; and he bit my mag-pie one day. So do, gun, go off, and hit him if you can."

But the gun did not go off, tho' Bob bid it. So he ran and got a log—a big, big log, (he did not let Sam see him get it,) and he let the log hit the cap of the gun on the top, to set it off; and the gun did go off: and, how can I say to you all the ill it did?

It did not hit Red Leg; but it hit the pet mag-pie: and Bob saw her lie on the sod, and he was sad, and did sob and cry.

A BAD SON.

To hit the mag-pie was not all the ill the gun did. The old man of the cot was not far off, and, sad to say, the gun hit him; yes, it hit him, and he lay on the sod, as if to die! Bob did not see the gun hit the old man; but it had cut him on the leg: and tho' he did not cry for the cut, yet, as he lay on the sod. he did cry to see one who was his own son so bad a boy.

Bob, now, as the mag-pie lay on the sod, saw how far a gun can go; and he saw, too, how bad it is to set one off; yet he was not so sad for the old man, as for his own pet mag-pie: and he said, "Oh! why did the gun go so far? why did it not hit the old cur who had his lip on it, and who bit my pet?—why did it not hit him?" So he did cry and sob, and was sad.

But Sam said to him, "Do not cry, Bob: the mag-pie may not die. It can fly yet, you see; and, may be, it is not so ill as to die."

Bob.—"Oh! yes, sir, my mag-pie is ill; you saw it try to fly, but it can not get up. You may see it now fix its eye on me, as if to ask why I let off the gun at it? No, no, my mag-pie can not fly, nor can it sit. It can but lie on the sod and die. And now I see it die! Oh! how sad I am!" And Bob lay on the sod by his pet; and did cry, and sob, and hit the sod, as as we oft see a bad boy do.

A SAD PA-PA.

The old man of the cot saw Bob lie on the sod: and, ill as he was, he got up, to ask if he was hit by the gun: but, as he saw his son was not hit at all, he said to him, "Oh! Bob, you are a bad boy: I saw you set off the gun; and you see how it has hit me, and cut my leg! You let it off to hit Red Leg, and did try to aim it at him; but it did not go off so as to hit the dog; no, it hit the mag-pie you had for a pet, (as was fit for it to do,) and you saw it die.

"Now, you see the gun has hit me too, and I may die, as the mag-pie did; and, if I do, who can be to you as I am? A bad boy can get no one to aid him, and how can you get on if I am not by you? Oh! my son, my son! bad as you are, I am sad for you!"

Bob got up off the sod, and did fix his eye on the cut his pa-pa had got. It was not for his pet mag-pie he was now sad. No! he was in woe to see his pa-pa so ill.

Sam was sad to see the old man ill, and sad to see Bob in woe; and he said, "Bob is in woe, sir, to see you so ill; and he is sad, too, I see, for his own sin; so he may yet get off his bad way, and be as a son to you. Do not, I beg, let him see you in ire. He may be of use to you now you are ill; and he can not be so sad, if you let him be of use to you."

Bob.—"Oh! do not ask him to let me be of use to him. I am too bad a boy. I, who set off the gun, and hit him, can not be as his son."

Sam.—"You can try to be of use to him, and to be as a son to him now he is ill; can you not?"

Bob did not say yes, or no; but he did cry as he saw

the sad cut on the leg of his own pa-pa; and the old man said to him, "You see, Bob, the eye of God is on us all. Sin can not be hid: for God can see all who sin. He saw you hit the gun, and set it off, as you sat on the sod: and He did to you as you did try to do to Sam. You did try to vex him, and God saw fit to vex you. But God did it to let you see *how bad* you are, so as not to let you go on in sin."

Bob.—"Oh! I was bad! bad to Sam, who can vex no one; but, oh! how bad I am to you! You can not now let me be as a son to you."

THE END.

The old man, and Bob, and Sam, got in-to the cot; and as Bob saw his pa-pa so ill, and the cut on his leg so red, he ran to his bed, and lay on it in woe, and did ask God not to let his pa-pa die.

"Oh, God! I am a bad, bad boy," said he; "a boy of sin! But I am sad for all the ill I did, and now I ask Thy aid to get me out of the way of sin. Thy Son can see all we do, and He has an ear to all we say; oh! let all I now do be fit for His eye; and let all I say be fit for His ear. And, oh! do not let my pa-pa die! But say I may yet be a son to him; and let me be Thy son now and to my end.—Amen."

So Bob got up, and ran to his pa-pa to try to be of use to him; and God let him be of use, and let him get all he had to ask for; and in a day or two the old man was not ill, and he said to Bob,

"You do not vex me now, my boy, for you try, I see, not to be bad; and you see how God can aid

us all to get out of the way of sin, if we but try to do so."

Then Bob said to Sam, low in his ear, "Oh! Sam, I am in joy now; pa-pa said, '*my boy*.' Oh! I see he can let me be his son yet."

"Yes," said the old man, "I *can* let you be my son. You *are* my own son now. May GOD let you be His son too."

LESSONS IN FOUR LETTERS.

nice	book	bead
dice	cook	read
fice	hook	lead
lice	look	meed
mice	nook	then
rice	rook	when
vice	took	glen

keep	must	well
deep	bust	bell
peep	dust	cell
weep	gust	dell
good	just	fell
hood	lust	sell
here	rust	tell

THE GOOD BOOK.

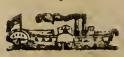
Here is a nice book for Ann. She may look at it; and she may read in it; and she may keep it for her own. But then she must be good, and do as we bid her, and try to do well.

---

beat	says	drum	talk
feat	days	crum	balk
heat	jays	grum	walk
meat	lays	love	your
neat	pays	dove	four
peat	rays	Lord	pour
seat	ways	with	come
gone	have	boys	some

---

land	mine	place	need
band	dine	face	deed
hand	fine	lace	feed
sand	kine	mace	heed
wish	line	pace	reed
dish	nine	race	seed
fish	pine	give	weed
said	vine	live	earn



made	poor	more	tore
bade	boor	bore	wore
cade	moor	core	part
fade	hurt	fore	cart
jade	thou	gore	dart
lade	that	lore	hart
rade	high	pore	mart
wade	nigh	sore	tart

---

take	hope	save	will
bake	lope	cave	bill
cake	mope	gave	fill
lake	pope	lave	gill
make	rope	pave	hill
rake	home	rave	kill
sake	dome	wave	mill
wake	soul	help	pill

---

rill	both	pray	hear
sill	doth	fray	in-to
till	loth	gray	ar-my
glad	bray	tray	o-ver
crad	dray	wray	la-dy

THE DRUMMER BOY.

I met a boy one day, who had gone in-to the army to beat the drum, and who says he has love for his Lord. As I love to talk with the boys in the ar-my, I said to him:

"Did your ma wish you to come in-to the ar-my?"

"Yes, sir; she said, 'sons all o-ver the land have gone to the war, and I must and do give mine.'"

"May be she had need of the pay you can earn, and that made her give you up."

The poor boy was hurt and said: "It was not the pay, sir; it was more than that; it was not the pay at all; for she said to me, 'You can do your part, my boy, for the land. For if you will beat the drum, you will take the place of a man.' I am here for our land, sir—to help to save my home."

"You are a fine boy," said I, "and your ma a la-dy of high soul. I hope God will save her to you and you to her, and give us a land fit for you to be your glad home."

"If you did but hear my ma pray," said he, "you must see that we have both a God and a land."

---

loaf	rags	shoes	feet
pale	thin	said	look
poor	here	want	more
than	made	took	soon
kind	this	good	will
give	coat	sure	them
have	wear	cold	rock
must	hurt	past	wish
make	glad	with	nice
pair	weak	such	help

THE KIND MAN.

I saw a man buy a loaf, and he met a boy all in rags; the boy had no cap or hat on, no shoes at all on his feet, and he was pale and thin. The man said to the boy, "You look ill, my poor lad; here is my loaf

for you; you look as if you want it more than I do. The boy made a bow, took the loaf, and soon ate it up. This man was kind and good, was he not? If you see that boy, will you give him an old coat and a cap? I am sure he wants them; and you have a coat that you do not wear now.

How the cold and the rock must hurt his feet! Will you let him go by and not wish to make him glad with a new pair of shoes? He is poor and weak, and you are not so. Give to such and help them, and God will not let you want.

---

aunt	gave	when	hear
came	book	hand	know
John	kiss	come	dare
read	dear	next	full
well	Jane	year	tales
have	lend	hope	sure
shall	take	find	care
that	tear	much	soil
fond	none	dunce	wish

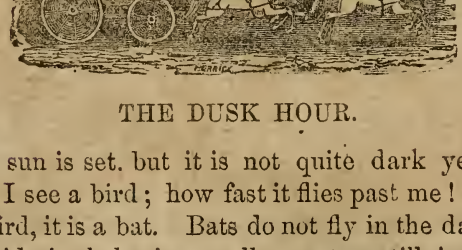
THE KIND AUNT.

My aunt came to see me to-day, and she gave me this new book. Look, Ann; look, John, what a nice book. I will try to read well; for my aunt, when she gave it to me, took me by the hand and gave me a kiss, and said, "Now, my dear Jane, I give you this book, as I hear you wish to know how to read; and when I come to see you next year, I hope I shall find that you read well." I will try to read well, as I wish so much my dear aunt may be as fond of me as I am

of her, and she can not be fond of me if I am not good. When I have read my book, Ann, I will lend it to you; for I dare say it is full of nice tales, and I am sure you will take care of it, and not tear it or soil it. John says none but a dunce will tear or soil a book. How glad I am to have a kind aunt and a new book.

---

quite	dark	dusk	bird
fast	flies	time	they
hide	holes	wall	tree
then	their	food	owls
hour	moths	bees	buzz
does	sing	cage	head
wing	tell	what	star
moon	just	like	four
five	count	pray	late



THE DUSK HOUR.

The sun is set, but it is not quite dark yet; it is dusk. I see a bird; how fast it flies past me! That is not a bird, it is a bat. Bats do not fly in the day time; they hide in holes in a wall, or a tree, till it is dusk, and then they fly out, and find their food.

Owls fly out at the dusk hour, and so do moths.

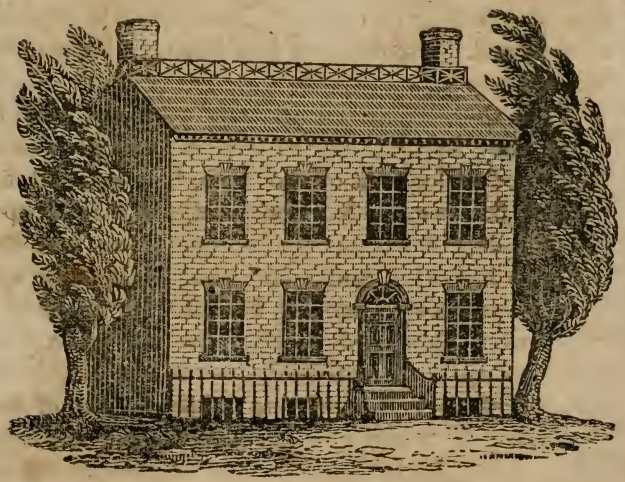
I do not hear the hum of the bees nor the buzz of the flies now; my bird does not sing; he sits in his cage, and hides his head in his wing.

Look up at the sky and tell me what you see. I see a star, and I see the moon, just a part of it; it looks like a bow. Now I see two stars; oh! more than two; four, five, six, more than I can count.

Pray put me to bed, now; I do not wish to sit up late; it is not good for me.

THE COT BY THE SEA-SIDE.

[In words of four letters. A few words of five and six letters are intentionally introduced.]



HOME.

Ned was the son of a man who used to live by the sea side. His pa, with Ned and Ma-ry, had a nice

home in a cot on a hill, so that they were a-ble to look far out up-on the sea. In the yard, to the left of the door, was a fine old oak. In the back yard, near the walk, was a wide elm. They used to sit by this elm in the cool of the day, or e-ven at mid-day; for the tree kept them from the heat of the sun. Here they had a view of a fine, wide vale, that lay to the west of the cot; or they sat by the oak to feel the cool wind, and look out up-on the sea, that came up to the foot of the hill on the east.

As they sang or read by the elm, Ned used to sit and play with Ma-ry, who was not so old as he was by a year or two, or go off and feed his pig, or run with his cat and dog up and down the yard, and now and then stop to hear his pa and ma sing; for he was fond of this, and he soon knew how to sing a song or two him-self.

When they sat by the oak to talk of days gone by, as oft they did, and try to look in-to time to come, Ned used to look out on the deep, blue sea, and find much to fix his eye. Now, he saw a bird that sat up-on the cliff, dart down and skim o-ver the sea, and then rise high in the air, and come back to the same spot. Now, he saw a ship pass by, in-to the bay or out of it. If the wind blew hard, he saw wave run up-on wave, and dash up-on the cliff at the foot of the hill, or leap over a high rock that rose out of the sea far off from the land. If it was morn, he saw the sun rise out of the sea and pass up in-to the blue sky.

This was a dear spot to Ned; for he had so oft sat here and seen all this, with his pa and ma and Ma-ry. But more dear still was the fire side in the cot.

THE STORM.

Ned's pa was wont to stay much out at sea. And when Ned had come to the age of six, and Ma-ry was near four, he went out in a ship to be gone from home a long time. But the day at last came when he had told them to look for him home.

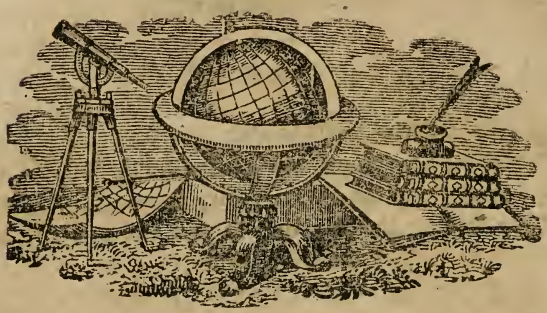
They all sat by the old oak, and kept a look-out, to see the ship he was to come in pass in-to the bay. Now a big ship was seen in full sail, but soon it was gone; for the wind blew hard, and it kept on its way. Then came one in the face of the wind, and cut each wave as it met it. It had no sail; but its big, dark pipe told that it went by steam, and not by the wind. And not far off, a row boat with one sail, that they had to furl, ran in-to the bay to keep safe un-til the wind was calm.

The wind blew more and more, and at a late hour of the day they saw a ship run up-on the high rock far out in the sea, and a huge wave dash o-ver it. It went down, and was lost, with the crew and all on it; for there was no time nor way to save any one.

They did not know what ship it was, nor who was

on it; but they went to bed sad, for Ned's pa had not come home, and what if he were in that ship!

Next morn came the sad news. The fear was true; he was in that ship, and went down with its crew. He came no more to his neat cot and the dear ones in it. He went to be at rest with his God.



AT SCHOOL.

It was now a sad time at Ned's home. He and his ma and Ma-ry were all. One seat by the fire had no one it. At morn and eve they had no one to sing and pray with them. They were sad, too, when they sat down to eat; for they did not now e-ven look for him to come back and take his seat with them.

Ned's ma now made him learn to read in a book his pa gave him as he last went a-way. And Ma-ry, too, now and then, came to look at the pig and dog, and the hen and bird, and the boy and girl, that were in the book; but she did not tear it. When Ned was a-ble to read well in this book, his ma sent him to a

man who had ma-ny boys with him. She gave him a new book, and a pen, and a slate.

Ned was a good boy here; and when he went home at eve his ma was glad to see him; and Ma-ry came out to meet him in a glee; for she had no one to play with her when he was from home.

When it was warm, they lay on the turf by the old oak; and Ned made a dog or cat for Ma-ry on his slate. He had now al-so a new book with a map in it; and he told Ma-ry that the part in-side the red line was land, but that out-side was the sea. And they saw an isle out in the sea, to which pa had gone when he left home the last time. It had the ve-ry name he used to tell them at home: Ned read it on the map, "Cu-ba," This did not pass out of his mind. But he oft told his ma of it, or got his map to show it to Ma-ry.

GONE TO SEA.

Ned had kept in mind much of what his pa had told him of what he saw o-ver the sea. He had, too, all his life seen ships, and men who had been to sea. And when he was six and ten years old, he had a mind to go to sea him-self. But his ma did not wish him to go; for the loss of his pa was yet in her mind, and it

would be sad to have her son meet the same fate. But Ned, tho' he was a good boy, and, for the most part, did as his ma told him, yet had a will of his own. And this time, he was not kept back. He said he must see Cu-ba, and then go al-so to some land over the sea.

He soon got a place in a fine, big ship; and then told his ma and Ma-ry good-bye, and set sail. He saw much that was new to him on the trip; but it did not make him glad; for he was all the time kept sad by the fact that his ma did not wish him to go from home. Morn and eve this was in his mind; and he lay up-on his bed till a late hour ere he shut his eyes.

But Ned was not a-ble now to turn back, as the ship kept on its way. And soon Cu-ba was seen far off to the east. Ned now got high up on a rope by the mast to see what was to be seen. But he did not run up and down the rope with ease like the old tars. It was new to him; and, just as the ship went by a point of land, not far from the place to stop, his foot gave way, and he fell in-to the deep. A boat was let down to save him; but Ned was a-ble so swim; and, as the land was not far off, he did not wait for the boat, but swam to the land and was safe.

But the e-vil of his case did not end here; for no one was with him, and he knew not how to go, nor for whom to ask. At last he found his way to a large city. But here he was more lost than in the wood where first he came to land; for, tho' he met men each step he took, he knew no one. He did not find e-ven one of the crew of his own ship. At last he went to a room in an inn by him-self. Here he lay down up-on his bed, and had not a soul to talk to of all the woe he felt.

THE RETURN.

As thus he lay, he felt how sad it was to be where he knew no one; and it was more sad to have come when his ma did not wish him to do so. Oh, that he were a-ble to tell her all he felt! But she was far a-way o-ver the wide sea. Then it came into his mind that One was near, to whom we may tell all our woe. And he did try to look to GOD, and tell Him all the woe and sin he felt. And he told not on-ly the sin he had done when he came from home and left his ma, but al-so the sins of all his life. He kept back none.

Ned's ma had oft told him not to sin, and when he did sin, to go to GOD and seek his mer-cy. And he knew well that it was sin to do what GOD bade him not to do, or not to do what GOD, in his word, bade him do; and he knew that oft he had done sin; but not till he lay up-on his bed in that lone room, and his mind ran back over the past, did he feel the e-vil of sin. And here he went to GOD, and thus did he pray:

"Oh, my GOD, I am full of sin, and not fit to lift my eye to Thee; yet have mer-cy up-on me; show me Thy love, and take a-way my sins; blot them all from Thy book, and make me a new man, for the sake of Thy Son, who has died to save us from our sins."

His mind was now at rest; for he gave his heart to GOD, and found mer-cy in Christ. He soon af-ter came back to his home in the neat cot by the sea side, to make glad the heart of his ma, by a new life of love to GOD.

LESSONS IN WORDS OF FIVE AND SIX LETTERS.

brave	these	think	right
fine	come	Will	Hale
going	have	road	with
great	ba-by	shame	first
long	wait	brow	cheek
told	word	bade	strong
prove	them	till	noble
would	from	house	leave
should	fact	where	which

WHO IS THE BRAVE BOY?

Hear these boys and tell me which you think was right and brave:

"Oh, yes, that is fine! So we will! Come on now! There is Will Hale! Come on Will; we are going to have a ride on the road. Come with us!

"Yes, if my ma will let me. I will run and ask her," said Will.

"Oh, oh! so you must run and ask your ma! Great ba-by, run fast and and ask your ma if you may go! Have you no shame! I did not ask my ma." "Nor I," "nor I," said all the rest.

"Be a man, Will," said the first boy. "Come with us if you do not want to seem base, as long you as you live." "Do you not see all of us wait for you?" His brow, eye, lips, cheek, all told how that word *base* stung his heart.

Will he prove that he is base by go-ing with them? No.

"I will not go till I ask my ma!" said the noble

boy. "And I am not base. I told her I would not go from the house till she gave me leave; and I should be base in fact if I were to tell her a lie!"

Was not Will Hale brave as well as good? Did he not do right?

---

deed	ev-er	were	life
seem	bright	sweet	there
thing	earth	worth	liv-ing
your	pil-low	vest	call
mind	maid	fall	pass
need	lit-tle	can-dle	throws
beams	shines	world	true
gives	warmth	makes	heart
which	done	fail	who

A GOOD DEED.

Did you ev-er do a good deed? Were you not glad of it, and did not life seem more bright and sweet for it? You felt as if there was one thing on earth worth liv-ing for. When you put your head on your pil-low to rest, was it not sweet to call to mind the joy you had made? Then, will you ev-er fail to do a good deed when you can? Will you pass by a poor boy and not ask if he be in need, that you may help him?

How far that lit-tle can-dle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a bad world. Is it not true? A good deed shines and gives warmth, too. It makes glad more than one heart—the heart which does it, as well as the heart un-to which it is done. Who can fail to do good and be kind?

leaves	once	taught	truth
some	nails	board	each
wrong	were	pull	go-ing
last	holes	Gough	strong
learn	for-get	long	pang
truth	haste	speech	would
could	friend	known	tear
scenes	be-fore	a-way	thought
dwelt	grace	thro'	cause
grief	pangs	some	dwelt

SIN LEAVES ITS MARK.

An old man once taught his son a sad truth in this way: "He gave him some nails and a board—the nails to be put in-to the board, one by one, each time the boy did wrong. When they were all put in, he told his son to pull out a nail each time he was go-ing to do wrong but did not. It took much more time to get the nails out than in. But at last the son let him see that the board had no nail in it. The old man was sad, and said, "But the holes are there."

Mr. Gough says the marks of sin are as strong.

"What you learn from bad ways, and from the bad, you will not for-get, and it will be a long, long pang to you. I tell you, in all truth, not as in the haste of a speech, but as I would say and have said to my God, I would give my right hand this night if *I could for-get* that which I have known from e-vil men; if I could tear from my mind the scenes in which I have been, the acts which have been done be-fore me. You cannot, I think, take a-way the dark mark of one e-vil thought that has come and dwelt in your heart.

You may pray for it, and, by the grace of God, you may put it out, but it will, thro' life, cause you grief and pangs.

---

wise	ages	a-go	ev-er
child	know	deeds	work
pure	some	mark	stamp
signs	haste	spend	each
cent	soon	save	much
hide	mean	keep	him-self
share	things	self-ish	name
rain	hard	taste	strong
drink	love	grows	church
Sun-day	ho-ly	e-ven	pa-pa
mam-ma	bless	days	land
fond	Bi-ble	learn	hap-py
tho'	great	changes	place
rule	soul	fail	heart

THE BOY MAKES THE MAN.

The wise man said long a-ges ago, "E-ven a child is known by his deeds, if his work be pure or not, and if it be right or not."

Some men seem to think that a child has no mark or stamp of the man at all. Yet, we can see in the young the signs of what they are apt to be for life. When we see a boy in haste to spend each cent as soon as he gets it, we think it a sign that he will not save much as a man. When we see a boy lay up and hide his cents, and will not part with them for a good end, we think it a sign that he will be a mean man, and keep all he can get.

When we see a boy who all the time looks out for

him-self, and will not share his good things with the boys who play with him, we think it a sign that he will grow up a self-ish man.

When we see a boy get mad day by day and take the name of GOD in vain, we think it a sign that he will make a hard and bad man.

When we see a boy like to taste strong drink, we think it a sign that he will love it too well and drink too much when he grows to be a man,

When we see a boy who hates to go to church, and does not keep Sun-day ho-ly, we think it a sign that he will be an e-vil man.

When we see a child love and mind his pa-pa and ma-ma, we think it a sign that GOD will bless him, and that his days may be long in his land.

When we see a boy fond of the Bi-ble, who loves to read and learn it, we think it a sign that he will be a good and hap-py man. And tho' great changes may take place in heart and mind and soul, yet, as a rule, these signs do not fail.

---

play-ing	trap	ball	grow
soul	grew	young	trade
rich	girls	care	bet-ter
a-ble	gray	still	leave
death	should	what	read

NOW IS THE TIME.

"Not yet," said a lit-tle boy, as he was play-ing with his top and ball; "when I grow old I will think of my soul."

The lit-tle boy grew to be a young man.

"Not yet," said the young man; "I am now to go

in-to trade; when I am rich, then I will think of my soul."

He grew rich.

"Not yet," said the rich man; "my boys and girls must have my care; when they are well in life, I shall be bet-ter able to think of my soul."

He grew to be an old man, and his head was grey.

"Not yet," still he said; I shall soon leave off trade, and then I shall have all my time to read and to pray."

And soon Death came for him, he put off from time to time what should have been done when he was a child. In life he had no God, and in death he had no hope.

EVENING PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

MORNING PRAYER.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Hath waked me up from sleep;
Father I own,
Thy love alone,
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my God and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our sins, as we forgive those who sin against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

USE ME!

Make use of me, my God!
Let me not be forgot,
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands Divine,
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill;
And why not use me too?

All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures, great and small;
Make use of me, my God,
The weakest of them all!

THE SOUTHERN
ILLUSTRATED NEWS

."

JUL 10 '23 This Book is Due

ndered
y. E

ber 1

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Twenty Dollars per year, or Ten Dollars for months. News Dealers supplied at Twenty-five Dollars per hundr

NOW READY:

The War & its Heroes

The handsomest book ever published in the Confederacy, conta ing portraits and biographical sketches of Generals

COOPER,	LEE,	JACKSON,
EWELL,	LONGSTREET,	JOS. E. JOHNST
A. P. HILL,	HAMPTON,	G. W. SMITH,
PEMBERTON,	LANE,	HINDMAN,
HOOD,	M. L. SMITH,	COM. HOLLINS,

The gallant PELHAM, and the bold partizan, Maj. JNO. S. MOS

The Popular Story, by Miss BRADDON, entitled

ELEANOR'S VICTORY

Has also been published in book-form, (beautifully illustrate and is now ready for delivery. Address

AYRES & WADE, *Publishers, Richmond.*